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are added their specific gravities, whether of dry masses or of particles, and, also, their respective cohesive powers.

Let us now look at some of the facts brought to our notice by this exact and impartial examination of the building-stones of Great Britain.

A comparison of the three classes, sandstones, limestones, and magnesian limestone, compels us to give the palm of durability to the last named. But, though the sandstone structures have, on the whole, suffered most, it is by no means true that all sandstones are poor. For instance, Rivaux Abbey, in Yorkshire, is a sandstone structure, which dates back at least 700 years. The stone is said to be "generally in excellent condition. West front slightly decomposed; south front remarkably perfect, even to the preservation of the original tool marks." Eccleston Abbey, in Yorkshire, was built in the 13th century. "The mouldings and other decorations, such, even, as the dog's teeth enrichments, are in perfect condition." Tintern Abbey, of the same shire and century.—"Considerable remains of red and grey sandstones, partly laminated. Of unequal condition, but for the most part, in perfect condition; covered with grey and green lichens." The circular keep at Barnard Castle, in Durham, built of sandstone in the 14th century, "is in excellent condition." Such facts abundantly prove that sandstone is not to be universally condemned, and may help to relieve us from the fear that all our buildings of that material will crumble before the year of our Lord 1955.

On the other hand, it is a fact, that there are sandstones which scarcely deserve the name of stone at all, unless it be that of *rotten* stone. Bristol Cathedral (13th and 14th centuries), was built of red sandstone and a yellow limestone, strangely intermixed. The red stone is in all cases decomposed; the lime-stone more rarely. Durham Cathedral (11th and 12th centuries), sand-stone, "in all stages of decomposition, few stones are quite perfect." St. Peter's Church, Shaftesbury (15th century). "Of a green siliceous sandstone. The whole building much decomposed. The tower is bound together with iron, and is unsafe, owing to the inferior quality of the stone." At Newcastle upon Tyne, there are sandstone buildings not 25 years old, which already show symptoms of decomposition. Still worse, Belper New Church, in Derbyshire, built only "10 years ago, of sand-stone from Hunger hill, is in an incipient state of decomposition."

THE CASTLE OF ART.

The Lord of Art, throughout his broad domain,
Heralds to all his summoning behests,
And Truth the warden, at the portal rests,
Who unto loyal vassals opes amain.

Proud of his scutcheon, fearing to profane
The hallowed spot with reverence less profound,
And to his liege in winsome fealty bound,
He tasketh in this wise the entering train—

"A work, an honest work, thou hast to do!"

A quenches lamp, whose oil is love, must be
The light to guide thy faithful footsteps through
The chambers of his Art, if thou wouldst see!
He welcomes all, who come in reverent guise,
But to Deceit and Pride an interview denies."

JUSTIN WINSOR.

THE TRAMMELS OF ART.

"GRAF VON PLATEN."

BY JUSTIN WINSOR.

WHAT more melancholy fact than that some men of genius find it necessary, or cannot resist the impulse, to declare war against the prevailing sympathies of their Age and Country! Heine has been called the Son of his Age, but one who does not love his mother! Melancholy it is! We admit that an epoch may be characterized by monstrosities of every kind, such as are repugnant to the unversed susceptibilities of its best children, but then shall we desert it, scoff it, shut ourselves out from it, call it by hard names? Certainly a filial indulgence would be more becoming. We are not more manly, because we can dash our weapons, and cry, Come on! Discretion is, perhaps, the better part of such valor. The Times may, peradventure, have weapons equally effective, or it may prove we are over-confident both in our own strength and in the righteousness of our cause. Bacon stoically frowning upon his competitors, complacently left his works and reputation to a future generation. Wordsworth walked the fields and planned poems, which he knew would not be read. This we are told is noble. We suspect the age was not more at fault for its perverseness, than the author for his ungenial way of inculcating upon it the essence of his being. Wordsworth, the poet, fortunately, was not Wordsworth, the man; and the gentle character of the bard is proving more efficacious than the egotistical qualities of the individual. Great thinkers are seldom apt teachers of their thoughts. This is an element of their innateness. But their birth in a Christian age, their duties to their contemporaries, allow no excuse for an appearance of self-complacent wisdom, which denies open discussion, and seems to say, in the most supercilious manner, We are too good for you. Johnson was rude when he told the man, he would find him with reasons but not with brains. There is many a magnate of mind, who has treated the body of his contemporaries in a way no more flattering. The ascetic disposition of a hermit may offer many apologies, such as it could not concern the age to inquire into, but nothing can palliate the forward impertinence of an author, who debars himself from all intercourse with the world, and periodically flings his disdain upon his fellow-creatures. There is no truth about such acts. Sincerity of purpose is a phrase not to be believed in! If he can vanity think they are not good enough for him, they have the proof that he is no fit spirit for a brotherhood of mind and a commingling of honest and enabling aspirations. Let no such man be trusted!

Assuredly we would not have any one so blinded that he can not know the feelings of the Age he lives in. By no means. And we would have him, as energetically as he can, work for a redemption—only let it be done with a spirit of charity, a motive of universal amelioration, and a desire for Truth, sovereign Truth. Certainly, many a revolution for the better, began thus, can be more rapidly accomplished than by a manifestation of disdain, and a clutch of the hand. The fortress of Untruth will fall more easily before the sappers and miners of unobtrusive perseve-

rance, than before the simultaneous outbursts of infuriated assaults.

Just such a quietly sure conquest is this new band of Pre-Raphaelites at present consummating. The Sphere of Art is undergoing, under its renovating influences, a change, gradual though it be, which is as sure as the effects of centuries on the globe. The mightiest results are to be prognosticated from this very stillness of its advance. It is not the tumultuous uproar of a volcanic power that alone can leave a trace of the most stupendous changes. Gradually, for centuries, has the water worked its channel through the hills, and the dissipation of the lake in the depths of the ocean is accomplished at last. The ways of Nature are insinuating, but sure. The barren stubble-field becomes a forest. Oh, there is a grandeur about this that we do not fully feel! The sweeping flames, mantling the summit of a majestic forest, till, crash after crash, the lordly race fall one by one, and lie a blackened heap upon the scene of desolation—a picture of terrific sublimity. But the other, the seed in the earth, the sprout above the ground, the gradual growth, the mounting of the sap, the extension of branches, and this in a myriad of cases, till they form the magnificent wood, poetic with nooks and glens, haunted with spirits, that the imagination bodies forth, useful in the materials that serve mankind in the building of navies and states—this is the other, and has it not a grandeur to the mind that surpasses the mere, as it were, momentary sublimity of the conflagration, and all the more, considering the centuries gone and going on for the working of this stupendous marvel? If Nature herself takes such a length of time to produce such an abundance from the fruitless heath, such magnificence from the waste, surely her faithful worshippers and the guardians of her Truths, are not to be daunted in the outset. Trustful nurslings in the lap of Nature, they await the beckoning finger of the Age, and earnest and reverential in their filial regard, they are not disdainful of those who claim another mother. If Tradition fosters her children with the precepts of the Great, they have no common nutrient, and essay no unwanted things. There should be no enmity, as there is no diverseness of purpose, between the two. Mankind acknowledges the kindly intentions of both. They walk in different paths, but let us hope the time is not far distant when these already converging ways may become united in one, leading to undreamt excellence, in a region of perennial beauty, where Nature and tradition, divested of all unharmonious thoughts, and clothed with the sanctity of a religious ordering, shall jointly welcome the artist and his friends.

We do not like either geographical or chronological lines in the World of Literature and Art. The influence of schools is pernicious, and we see too much of it in Pre-Raphaelitism, as it exists at present; but in the state of which it is the precursor, when we trust the name of school will be no longer, if such a thing is possible, in that neutral ground of Nature, where only her trusty priests can exercise a sway, vested in them by the master-spirits of all ages—on such a state we look for the noblest regeneration of Art, and if ever the aspirations of struggling humanity can find

a fit embodiment, or Nature can own a worthy oracé to proclaim her everlasting truths, then shall it be!

The history of German Art and Literature, particularly, can convince us of the inefficient results this one-sided *schoolism* (if the word be allowed) is only capable of, when one has reacted upon the other, as surely as the swinging of a pendulum returns upon itself. Genius has thus been broken to an unnatural gait to pursue the beaten track in accordance with the rules of the arena. We have an eminent instance in Count Platen, a poet who might have felt, but learned rules, and proved himself incapable of breasting an opposition in defence of them with any sort of placidity, and, it is not surprising, an egotist without a warrant. Mark his self-written epitaph :

"I was a Poet, and endured the blows
A recreant Age could give upon a youth,
Who still could triumph by the right of truth,
While now the language his impression shows.
To learn the art I strove as no one knows,
And therefore oped new ways in verse and rhyme,
To vent my spirit, which shall live in time,
If I have rightly judged the debt she owes.
I sang in hymns of varfed forms and shade,
And tales and comedies my will obeyed,
And took a style that none has yet surpassed;
While for the ode I gained a second prize,
And in the sonnet sung life's hopes and sighs,
And now this verse to deck my tomb at last."

The monument which marks his last resting-place in Sicily bears, however, a shorter inscription, in which the opinion of a friend falls nothing short of the bard's estimation of himself, for he is called "The chief of the Teutonic Poets, German in Genius, Greek in its form, the terror of poetasters, and an example for latest posterity."

It was this egotism of Platen—and he was fully sustained in it by his particular admirers—and his perpetual and angry warfare with a school, against whom he seemed to think himself a champion, and under whose hot attacks he was finally forced to take refuge in a foreign land—that prevented, during his lifetime, with most, a proper estimate of his poetic worth, which was doubtless more than the adherents of Heine and Immermann would allow, and equally without doubt, much less than his own friends contended for. Following Rückert into the fields of the Oriental Muse, and being his rival in advocating the supremacy of form, he naturally challenges a comparison. But how different has been the life of the unassuming professor and honored and retiring courtier! Rückert, a great because an humble devotee of Art, is constantly singing his thanks to Poesy. Platen, with an arrogance which is not naturally an element of genius, is as constantly reminding the muse of what she owes to him. He tries to vindicate this inordinate assumption, by saying that he does not praise himself, but his divine guest, the genius that visits him—a lame and impotent conclusion, assuredly! His friends try to intimate a defence on the ground that the ancient Greeks recommended their own pieces to the audience—this is classicality compounding for a lack of modesty with a vengeance! The truth was, the poet wanted, in too great a degree, that devoted spirit whose labors are its exceeding great reward, and worshipped his Muse as the idol of a caste, rather than

as the beneficent protector of cherished sensations, which are as universal as the passions.

August, Count of Platen-Hallermünde, was born in central Germany, in 1796, of an impoverished branch of a noble family. He left his studies to go on the campaign which ended in Napoleon's final overthrow, and awoke here, perhaps, that desire for travel which, with other reasons, kept him away from his native land during the last years of his life. In these later wanderings he found in the poet and painter Kopisch, a meet companion, and to this connection we may be allowed to trace a passage in his *Abbasiden* (an Eastern tale, somewhat in the manner of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, which Platen called *A Pearl of Art*), which was written during an Italian tour :

"Weary it is to wander through the world
Companionless; each obstacle appears
As doubled, and a man consumes himself
Within himself, who jostles with the men
Of other lands, unknowing and unknown.
But love of brothers, dear companionship,
Makes every hindrance something of a joy,
And gives our dangers more of use than fear."

The general tenor of Platen's poetry would not prove him, however, one of the consorting kind. It marks him rather as one of the "longing and indignation school." Whatever may be an artist's powers of idealization, however much he may live beyond the bourne of this existence, it is here about him, in his every-day life, that he can only truly find the proper food for nourishment of a super-actual state. Our head may be above the clouds, but we must stand upon the earth. Beauty and Truth must be believed in here, or we shall never be able to imagine them there. Platen had no correct notion of the poetry that surrounds us all—he says,

"'Tis a dream, this life on earth,
Love is madness from its birth,
Truth has but opinion's worth;"—

and consequently all his imagining became yearnings for a vague something, and he could hardly restrain his indignation at the obstinacy of those who could not, or, as he thought, would not appreciate him. He thus discloses himself again—

"Glad would be my joy, if freely
From the world I could but hide,
Canopied with cloudy glories
Down a still stream to glide."

"Birds of summer for my minstrels,
Far from worldly labor's sigh,
Wasted by the purest breezes,
From the guilty men to fly."

"To its banks but seldom coming,
Never springing from my boat,
But to pluck a rose-bud only,
Then push off and downward float."

Having thus expressed, rather prettily, his indignation, he has a fit of longing for the world again—

"For, ah! to learn to love mankind,
That is the true and only joy;"—

when the sacrifices under which it is to be accomplished rather stagger him, and he ends by comparing life to the passage of the moon across the sky, now behind a cloud, and now shining clear, until it sinks at last in the ocean—as many a poetaster has compared it before.

At the University, Platen had devoted himself with assiduity to the study of the languages, and was enabled to read in the original the chief authors of the Latin, Greek, Persian, Arabic, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, English, and Swedish tongues. In 1808, the younger Schlegel had first awakened the literary circles of Germany to the study of the Oriental literatures by the appearance of his "Wisdom of the Indians." Hammer had subsequently published many translations, and in 1820, appeared Goethe's "Westoestlicher Divan." Rückert soon followed; and it was near this distinguished scholar that Platen now took up his abode, and found in him a guide into these new spheres of poetry. It resulted in a little volume of *Gháselen (Gazelles)*—a short poem, written in a form peculiar to the East, consisting of a rhymed couplet at first, followed by other distiches, whose second lines always bore the rhyme of the introductory verses. Rückert had already written in the same form. The nature of the poetry itself, as well as the form, bespoke an Eastern origin. In a subsequent volume of similar poems, he considered the form as established among the other measures of his tongue, and gave their contents a tone more in accordance with the Western mind. The volume did not meet with such success as the poet expected, for he had, with his usual complacency, closed the book with bidding it, Proclaim him to the Fatherland! The attempt found commendation at the hands of Goethe (as was natural in so great a form-artist), and most of the cities recognized the novelty with pleasure. Yet it started scouring opponents in Heine and Immermann, and commenced a warfare in which much wit and considerable ill-nature was expended on both sides. Immermann assailed him in an epigram, which, though certainly gross, had a shadow of truth in it, in which he called the new style of poetry the effects of a surfeit from the stolen fruits from the gardens of the Eastern bards. Heine was hardly less severe, although he admitted the new poet handled the language as he would play upon an instrument.

Without denying or awarding to Platen the peculiar merits of a true poet, in the proper sense of the word, it can be conceded that, as a master of his language, he lived to effect much improvement. But, at the same time, it may be doubted if a true poet, and one imbued with a reverential regard for spontaneous truth, would cling so pertinaciously to a form, which poetry, rising in genial development with that of man, had left behind, as crude, primitive, and childish without being simple, unvitalized by tradition, and which pleases only as there are difficulties to overcome, and is in itself constrained, monotonous, and destitute of elasticity, an essential element of grace. Such a kind of poetry rarely admits of a close translation, but one attempt may serve as a specimen :

"Tinted notes upon thy wing,
Butterfly, thou summer thing!
Fleeting art thou, and as transient
As the offerings I bring,
As the garlands I have plaited,
As the song I ever sing;
Yet thine is the common fortune,
All must vanish like the spring,
Like our breaths upon a sabre,

Like the foam the billows fling,
Immortality I ask not,
Death's the lot of everything,
And my voice must break asunder,
Like the glass I cause to ring."

This mastery of form, Platen has also shown in the second stage of his lyrical development, in those odes and hymns which he wrote in Italy, in the metre of the ancient classics. Unless a poet can throw more of earnest thought into a poem of this kind, it is to be feared he will never succeed, in spite of his skill, in making his play of spondees and dactyles agreeable to a modern ear, even though he write in the German, which is more than other tongues adapted for the experiment. It was this sacrifice of contents to form which was the great charge of Platen's opponents. Goethe could not deny it, and compared his poems to cork, which floats lightly on the water, without making an impression. The Germans, he said, demand a certain earnestness and fullness of feeling, such as Schiller showed. Certainly they found very little of this in Platen.

In 1824, Platen made a journey through Switzerland and Italy, to Venice, where he tarried some time, and received such impressions as the City of the Sea would be likely to make upon a poet; and the result was the "Venetian Sonnets," where his feelings were given forth in a form so peculiarly Italian. They appeared the next year, after his return. As a motto for the collection, he expresses his opinion of the form he had chosen :

What always, and in every place,
Can but our youthful vigor prove,
Is restraint of mental grace.
That in restraint of words doth move.

In one he celebrates the masters of this species of verse :

With noble fire the sonnet's verse he turned,
When willingly he bore love's fast control,
Who sung of Laura, idol of his soul,
For whom, in life and death, his bosom burned.
In melting strains until the spirit yearned,
Of his adventures, one in sonnets sung,
A hero, he, who once through billows clung,
As to his helm, unto the song he earned.
A German sung, worthy to make a third
Unto the Florentine and Portuguese,
In armored verse, by which bold knights were stirred.
As Gleaner to the Reaper, I to these;
So great were they, as freely is aversed,
That I dare not essay as fourth to please.

As a fit companion for Petrarch, those who remember the story of Camoens' swimming ashore with the manuscript of his Lusiad, when he suffered shipwreck, will understand the allusion to the Portuguésse, while the German referred to is Rückert, and well might our poet hesitate in awarding himself the next place, when we consider some other illustrious names which are connected with this species of writing.

Venice seems to have had many charms for Platen, and he says of it, in one of his epigrams, that while Rome is too cumbersome and motley, Naples a mere heap of houses, here is to be found a perfect city. He addresses another to her past generations :

A merchant folk the world has often known,
Mere lucre-hoarders, making life a mart,
But ye were heroes, and your greatness shone
In that ye brightened life with grace of Art!

He also made a celebrated event in his history the subject of an historical drama—the league of Cambrai—where he puts these words into the mouth of her chronicler, Sanado—

"Twas but a pitiable fisher's hamlet,
Where from these desert swamps a city rose;
Her citizens, a self-reliant band,
Alone by labor, and the giant arm
Of happy Freedom, thus have raised it high.
Ten thousand merry gliding gondolas now
Dart through her bridges on their busy way,
And masts swarm thick around.

We give two or three of his Venetian Sonnets.

L

The deep blue sea behind, I turn my eyes,
Where from the flood Palladio's Temples rose;
Against whose steps each tossing billow throws
Its spray; and safely on our vessel flies,
Nearing the shore, wherein our fortune lies,
Lo! to the lagoon, 'twould seem, now backward flows;
The Doge's ancient pillar'd portal shows
Itself gigantic by the Bridge of Sighs.
Venetia's lion, once Venetia's pride,
With brazen wings, we see before us stand,
On his colossal pedestal astride.
'Tis not without a fear I mount the strand,
And see the sun on Mark's arena wide,
And dare I now walk on this sainted land?

II.

How pleasant 'tis, when heat of day is o'er,
To see afar the ships and gondolas steer,
While sinks the still lagoon, mirror-like,
Within itself around Venetia's shore
Until the eye doth feel it drawn here,
Where skyward church and palace seem to soar,
And round the steps of the Rialto pour
Life's busy throngs with boisterous laugh and jeer.
A merry crowd of idle loiterers
Is gathered round, and naught his quiet stirs,
Who sees the juggler play the clown and seer.
The evening falls; in greater throngs they come,
Aud by St. Marks, the minstrels' trials some,
And others, stories on the Rivo hear.

III.

'Tis in the land of dreams that Venice lies!
She throws but shadows of her days of old;
The lion of the Commonwealth is felled;
Her desert dungeons vent no longer sighs.
Those brazen steeds dragged hence through seas a
prize,
Upon you church's pile are still beheld;
Alas! no more the same, their bridle held
By Victor Corse, who rules her destinies.
This kingly people now, oh, where are they?
The builders of these marble halls of pride,
Now fallen thus and crumbling to decay?
Upon the grandson's face there seldom bide
Features, like those carved on the stones, that say
Here Doges lie who ages gone held sway.

His first visit to Italy only increased his desire to explore it more thoroughly, and before long he writes to his friend Schwab, the poet—“Even if I must beg, I think to close my days in Italy, for only there can I bring my art to perfection.” The devotedness that this would seem to imply, on the one hand, might be taken as an earnest of grand results, while, on the other hand, the narrowness of the range in an art so universal in its studies as poetry does not bespeak an artist that is untrammelled by traditional usage. The nine years that were now spent in the Roman peninsula, produced the most of his works, which date from various quarters of it. In 1835, he fled to Sicily, before the ravages

of the cholera, but died there in December, and lies buried in the villa-garden of a Sicilian nobleman, who had attended him in his last illness.

He had left his country with the expression—

“How am I weary of my fatherland!”
and in another place, he addresses it—

“I love thee still the less in no degree,
A ready servant thou shalt find in me,
Who yet the farthest of thy sons would be!”

Of course such a poet cannot be so estimable by a fit reverence for his native land, that any themes of national interest may awaken him to the fullest expression of his powers. We gather no encouragement from hearing him confess that his “weary spirit found too late a quickening of life in a foreign land, after he had lost his time and his youth in his native Germany.” Yet Italy, so transcendent to him, he finds, has her ungenial side.

What boots it that so beautiful for thee doth nature bloom?
Thou art but for thy luckless sons a dungeon and a tomb;
For intellect and learning's grace is bowed beneath a ban,
And who escapes a load of chains, but proves him not a man;
What helpeth now thy genius old, that flamed but to excel,
Thy Dante and thy Raphael, Columbus, Machiavel!
Thy greatest hero and thy last a foreign throne must wring,
Thou gavest us Napoleon, and bared to him thy breast,
It comes to naught what thou hast won, or taught the world to hope,
Thou hast the canker in thy breast, the Anti-Christ, the Pope!
When Luther's voice went round the earth, its doctrines were not ornated,
Thou hast, for turning ear aside, thus woefully atoned!

We believe we find a glimpse of sincerity, when he writes, after all,

My spirit, burned by inner strife,
Has learned, alas! in this short life,
How easy 't is to leave our home behind,
And oh! how hard another home to find!

It is no pleasant sign to see a man manifest only in his animosities. Dr. Johnson liked a good hater, for he knew, as we all know, that little that is startling comes out of passiveness.

“There is hope in extravagance,
There is none in routine.”

says one of our own poets. But then we believe the warmth of love is much more productive of high results, as of course they must be more beautiful. If

“Familiar acts grow beautiful through love,”

under the influence of hatred they certainly become no sweeteners of a poetical temperament. Plateau's personal dislikes embittered his years, fettered his kindest feelings in their general application, and only in the matters of a national concern have his energies worked upon his muse in any respect felicitously. He well enough had an intense hatred for Napoleon politically. “His grave,” he exclaims, “can only be our monument of Peace!” He seems never to have discovered poetically the startling

sublimity of his character, but only saw in him the enemy of the graces and muses. The revolution in Poland awakened a new animosity, one against Russia. It gave birth to a collection of Polish songs, which may be numbered among the best of his productions, because deepest in feeling. He calls upon Germany from his exile to unite itself against this overweening power, and devotes an elaborate ode to a "Future hero," who is to drive these Asiatic intruders from the bounds of Europe. With all this, he was not a fanatic, and rationally enough a supporter of the movement for a constitutional monarchy, leaving coming century to accomplish the work in a republic.

In summing up Platen's character as a poet, we think the result would prove too great a lack of inwardness of passion to compensate the formal artistic rendering of the expression, joined with the many defects of the man, that seem incompatible with our notions of a genuine poet. A man of petty bickerings in actual life can never reach the grandeur of a deeply-impassioned contest. Nor one who knows not the measure of patriotic love, ever portray the earnestness of the kindlier feelings. He professed to believe his mission that of driving the menials and hirelings from the Temple of Poesy. If sacrifices, equally great with those he made of home and friendship, had been made in another direction, we should not be at a loss to award him the full meed of praise. If he mistook the true quality of song, he was certainly devoted enough to it, as he made it.

When naught around can make me strong,
And deep depressed I am, 'tis then
I seek encouragement in song,
And find I am myself again.

Properly enough, he esteemed his art something beyond an elegant pastime. "No!" said he, "it pours a dewy brilliancy into withered flowers." Herwegh, in an epigram, called this brilliancy the coldly proud glitter of an ice mountain, among whose everlasting snows he hid his wreath of song, while men preferred to stroll through the soft and verdant vales beneath.

After all, 'tis his system, bordering on presumption, that chiefly makes so many of his readers turn away from him with disgust. A great man can in so many ways show his consciousness of it, without being offensive, that we can hardly brook the avowed complacency of an inferior order. Though willing to grant him considerable praise for his influences of a philological character, one generally is better pleased to bestow according to his own dictates, rather than at the instigation of the recipient.

My whole life long I've labored for the Art,
And when I die, 'tis for the Beautiful!

he exclaims, in one sonnet. 'Tis good. But here again, we have something, that may possibly demand an alteration at the hands of his ghost in some future century:

I am a wandering rhapsody alone,
Friends and the wine's cool beaker all I own,
And after death, a name that shall be known!

So much for an artist who was self-trammled in so many ways.

THE MASTER-WORKERS IN MOSAIC.

(Translated for The CRAYON from the French of Madame Dudevant.)

I.

"BELIEVE me, master Jacopo, I am an unfortunate father. I shall never recover from this disgrace. I tell you we live in a degenerate age; people are degraded; a true sense of property is quite extinct in families. In my time, boys tried to equal, if not to surpass, their parents. Now, provided a fortune is made, who cares for the means; nobody shrinks from baseness. Nobles become traffickers, masters mere journeymen, architects masons, and masons

* I must not here omit to mention that the Art of Mosaic, almost abandoned in all other places, is encouraged and kept in life by the most Serene Senate of Venice, and of this Titian has been the principal cause; seeing that, as far as in him lies, he has ever labored to promote the exercise thereof, and to procure respectable remuneration for those who practice the art. Various works have thus been undertaken in the Church of San Marco, the old Mosaics having been almost wholly restored, and this mode of delineation being now brought to all the perfection of which it is susceptible, exhibits, consequently, a very different aspect from that displayed in Florence and Rome, at the time of Giotto, Alessio Baldovinetti, the Ghirlandai, or the Miniaturist Gheraldo. All that has been done in Venice has been executed after the designs of Titian and other excellent painters, who have made colored Cartoons for the same; thus the works are brought to perfection, as may be seen in the portico of San Marco, where there is a Judgment of Solomon, so beautiful that it could scarcely be executed more delicately with the pencil and colors. In the same place is the Genealogical Tree of Our Lady, by Ludovico Rosso; the Sibyls and Prophets are admirably represented in this work, which is carefully conjoined, and displays excellent relief. But, in the art of Mosaic, there are none who have distinguished themselves more highly in our times than have Valerio and Vincenzo Zuccheri, natives of Treviso, many stories by whom may be seen in San Marco; those from the Apocalypse may more particularly be specified: in this work, the four Evangelists, under the form of various animals, are seen to surround the Throne of God; the Seven Candlessticks, and other things, are also represented so admirably well, that, to him who looks at them from below, they appear to be paintings in oil. There are, besides, numerous small pictures by those artists, and these are filled with figures which look—I do not say like paintings, only—but like miniatures, and yet they are made of stones joined together. There are portraits, moreover of various personages, the Emperor Charles V., that is to say, with Ferdinand, his brother, who succeeded him in the Empire, Maximilian, son of Ferdinand and now Emperor, the most illustrious Cardinal Bembo, the glory of our age, and the Magnifico * * * all executed so carefully, with so much harmony, so admirable a distribution of light and shadow, and such exquisite tints of the carnations (to say nothing of other qualities), that no better or more perfect works of the kind could possibly be conceived.

Bartolommeo Bozzato has also worked on the Church of San Marco: he is the rival of the Zuccheri, and has acquired himself in a sufficiently praiseworthy manner; but that which has most effectually contributed to the success of all these artists, has, without doubt, been the superintendence of Titian, with the designs prepared for these Mosaics by his hand.—*Vasari.*

mere laborers. When will it end, good and holy mother of God?"

Thus spoke Master Sebastian Zuccato, a painter, now forgotten, but of some repute in his time as head of a school, to the illustrious master, Jacques Robusti, whom we are now familiar with under the name of Tintoret.

"Ah! ah!" replied the master, who, through habitual preoccupation, was often of excessive sincerity, "it is better to be a good workman than an indifferent master, a great artisan than an ordinary artist, a—"

"Eh! eh! my dear master," said old Zuccato, somewhat piqued, "do you call him a common artist, ordinary painter, the chief of painters—the master of so many masters that now make the glory of Venice and form such a bright constellation; where you yourself are enshrined like a star in the midst of a dazzling halo, and where my pupil, Titian Vecelli, gleams with no less brilliancy."

"Oh, master Sebastian," replied Tintoret, quietly, "if such stars and such constellations dart their rays upon the Republic; if from your studio have gone forth so many great masters, beginning with the sublime Titian, before whom I bow with neither jealousy nor envy, then we do not live in an era of decay, as you but just now declared."

"Well!" said the grim old man, impatiently, "it is, doubtless, a great era, a beautiful era for the Arts. But I can derive no consolation in having contributed to its greatness, for being the last to profit by it. Of what consequence to me is it having produced Titian, if no one recognizes me in it, or is grateful for it? Who will know it a hundred years hence? Even now it would not be known, were it not for the acknowledgment of that great man, who goes about everywhere extolling me, and calling me his dear godfather. But who cares for that? Ah! why did not heaven ordain that I should be the father of Titian, that he should have been called Zuccato or that I should have been named Vecelli? My name would at least have gone from age to age, and at the end of a thousand years, it might have been said: 'The first of this race was a good master!' As it is, I have two sons untrue to my honor, unfaithful to the noble muses; two sons of remarkable and great capacity, who would have made me immortal, who would have surpassed, perhaps, Giorgione, Schiavone, and the Bellinis, and Veronese, and Titian, and Tintoret himself. Yes, I dare to say it, with their natural talents, and the advice which, in spite of my age, I feel myself yet able to give them, they might wipe out their disgrace, quit the journeyman's ladder, and stand upon the scaffold of the painter! Now, my dear master, it is important that you give me a proof of the friendship you honor me with, by joining Master Titian in making a last attempt upon the erring spirit of these unfortunate children. If you can bring back Francesco, he will undertake to influence his brother; for Valerio is a giddy youth—I should almost say without parts, if he was not my son, and if he had not occasionally given proofs of intelligence in tracing friezes in fresco upon the walls of my studio. My Checo* is quite another man; he handles the pencil

* Diminutive for Francesco, pronounced Kéco.